

Nothing Erases This Feeling Between Me And You by Yuri4Gwen

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Summary:

Billy has been obsessed with Steve Harrington since he first saw him, he can't help invading his personal space and teasing him hoping to see a blush on his beautiful face. Then one day, when he has Steve cornered Billy lets his fantasies get the better of him and he pulls Steve into a kiss.

But it doesn't play out as he hoped and Steve rejects him, when he tries to pull away Billy grabs him but Steve falls hitting his head.

Billy panics and takes him to the hospital but when Steve wakes up he's confused and asks Billy "Who are you?"

Will Billy tell him the truth?

Or is this the perfect opportunity to get everything he ever wanted?

Nothing Erases This Feeling Between Me And You

Author's Note:

Anonymous asked:

I love the idea of Steve losing his memory in an accident and Billy taking advantage. Cause in most of your fics Steve hates Billy because of their history and mixed signals that he interprets as aggression. So maybe Billy is finally honest about his feelings for Steve and Steve rejects him because of their history, only for Steve to run out and get in an accident. Then Billy taking him to the hospital and using his chance to rewrite the life he wants.

[Tumblr Post](#)

My Tumblr for my stories if you want to say Hi
[Edith-Moonshadow](#)

Un-betaed so please excuse all my mistakes.

“All alone today Pretty Boy? What no kids to hang out with?”

He watched as Steve's shoulders tightened before he turned with a little fire in his eyes and Billy couldn't help the satisfaction he felt deep within his stomach. Ever since he'd arrived in Hawkins and heard all about King Steve he'd been obsessed with beating him, he wanted to be top dog as it seemed like the only way to pass time in this small slow town. Then he'd actually seen him, a beautiful doe-eyed boy with big hair and Billy had been smitten but he couldn't help but tease him.

After a while it became anything to get his attention, especially enjoying being close to him seeing the light in his eyes and feeling the heat of his skin. It was the only thing keeping him going, when he was alone he'd indulge in his favourite fantasies where the fire in Steve's eyes wouldn't be anger but lust and he would be as desperate for Billy's touch as Billy was to get his hands on him.

Then everything had come to a head that fateful night at the Byers house when Billy was so filled with rage, he felt so powerless everything had been taken from him and now he was being punished because Max wanted to break the rules. When he arrived at the house and saw Steve there for the briefest of moments he'd felt a little lighter, his mind switching from the burning anger within to something softer, more playful but then Steve lied to him, right to his face like he was an idiot and the rage returned.

He hated to think about that night when his fury had clouded his mind with a fog so thick that he couldn't see through it, that it spilt out and before he knew it he had Steve on the ground the only sounds screaming children and the wet dull thuds his fists made as they forced Steve's head back against the ground over and over. He remembered that powerless feeling returning as he couldn't control the rage as he continued to hit him until Max shoved a needle into his neck and he fell into sweet oblivion.

Steve was rarely seen in public while his face healed but every time Billy caught a glimpse of him he had to fight against the desire to run over and try to make it better. He imagined taking Steve's face gently in his hands and running his lips softly over the swollen purple bruises, over the encrusted cuts while he whispered against his skin about how sorry he was. He knew Steve would never let him touch him after that but his heart ached with how desperately he wanted it which only led to more frustration.

Steve had avoided Billy once he was back to normal, which he couldn't blame him for but his need didn't diminish. It only grew stronger because he didn't get to see him as much as he previously had. He felt pathetic but he stood across the mall from Scoops Ahoy watching Steve in his tight little sailor shorts, his fantasies running wild but never even having the courage to go inside the store because he knew that Steve would probably refuse to serve him or disappear into the back. It felt safer to explore the little fantasy world in his head where Steve would blush and stammer when he came in to order ice cream and Billy would smirk and casually invite him to the movies. Steve would accept and Billy would ignore the film getting lost in Steve in the dark back row.

Over time though his need for Steve's attention became too much and

if he saw him out in public like this he couldn't help invading his personal space and teasing him just to watch Steve's eyes light up with hatred and his mouth become a firm line as he tried to ignore Billy. He would have given anything to see his eyes light up with affectation and a soft smile as Billy leaned in towards him but that time had passed and he would take whatever he could get.

Steve scowled at him and Billy leaned closer to him, his smirk widening.

"I'm not in the mood today, Hargrove."

"Aww, what's wrong, girl trouble?"

Billy internally winced slightly as he felt that he'd said that with a little too much vitriol because it seemed as though Steve flirted with every girl he came into contact with while Billy had to watch him from across the mall and he hated it.

Steve glared at him.

"Seriously leave me alone."

"But you're so cute when you're angry."

He worried for a second that he'd said too much but Steve just rolled his eyes and moved towards the corner of the wall, he stood with his back to him in a clear signal for Billy to fuck off but it just made him want to get closer, there was nothing like riling up Steve. He walked around and stood in front of him boxing Steve in, enjoying that familiar flush that started to darken his cheeks. Billy got transfixed by Steve's face, he hadn't been this close to him in a long time and this close he could see himself reflected in his dark eyes, the small smattering of faded freckles across his nose and as his lips parted in annoyance the hint of his straight white teeth.

He felt that deep yearning within growing, it felt like a chasm had opened up within him, it was so deep that the light from the sun couldn't reach the bottom of it and he just needed one thing to satisfy it, Steve. He watched as Steve took a deep breath, his lips quivering slightly as the air was sucked into his mouth and Billy didn't think,

he just reacted.

He grabbed the back of Steve's neck pulling him into a harsh kiss, he poured all his want, need and frustration into it. He needed Steve to understand how much he craved him, that this wasn't just a frivolous moment that it meant something. Steve was frozen for a moment but then his mouth relaxed and Billy wanted to cry with happiness, he felt something for him too and it had all just been a misunderstanding.

Then he felt Steve's hands on his chest pushing him back and for a moment he pushed into him harder thinking he was just embarrassed that they were out in public. Then his hand started to flail about hitting Billy on the chest, stomach and throat causing him to pull back. When he did he was met with a Steve who was gasping with shock but when it faded away only anger remained.

"What the fuck is your problem? Get away from me!"

A hard lump formed in Billy's throat as the shock of what he'd just done settled in, he wanted to take it back so that he could go back to fantasising, to a place where he'd see his feelings reflected in Steve's eyes instead of his own pale shocked face. Steve pushed him again and in his shock, he moved away from him, Steve's face was turning white with anger, his eyes hard and his teeth bared. Billy needed to fix this but his mind was blank.

"You're such a dick, seriously what was the point of that? What are you trying to prove?"

Steve tried to push past him but Billy's mind supplied him with that split second where Steve had accepted the kiss maybe he was just scared so he grabbed his shoulder trying to stop him from leaving but Steve pulled harshly out of his grasp and to Billy's horror he fell backwards slamming his head into the corner of the wall. Steve lay on the ground, blood welling up from just above his temple and spilling out on the ground below, his face went completely slack as though he were asleep. Billy knelt beside him gently shaking his shoulder.

"Steve? Steve, please wake up...Steve....oh god..."

He felt the panic rise within him frantically looking around for someone to help him but he couldn't see anyone so he leaned down and picked Steve up running towards his car. He placed him carefully in the passenger seat then he sped towards Hawkins hospital, flooring it the whole way glancing at Steve who remained unresponsive.

As soon as he arrived he pulled him from the car carrying him in, answering all the nurse's questions, when she asked who he was he lied and said he was family figuring he'd deal with it later even though she looked at him funny when he didn't know any of Steve's information. A middle-aged doctor with greying black hair and a kind face appeared around a corner and to Billy's great relief knew the Harrington's so Steve was admitted right away while they tried to contact his parents but to no avail.

Billy got to stay in the room with Steve because he was family while they ran their tests but in the end, they said he was stable and he'd need to stay in for observation. Billy could feel the guilt eating him up from the inside, he felt jumpy and he had to keep fighting the lump in his throat that stung his eyes. The nurses tried to chase him after visiting time was up but he just went on a full-blown charm offensive and they softened and let him stay.

He was consumed by thoughts of how Steve's annoyance towards him would now develop into hatred that he'd never be alone with Billy again and now he couldn't fantasise about a Steve that secretly wanted him because he wouldn't be able to escape the reality. He dreaded seeing Steve's hard eyes when he'd tell him that he was disgusted by him, that he'd not only kissed him but landed him in hospital.

The day slowly faded into night and Billy lost the fight against consciousness but he tossed and turned all night with broken dreams filled with Steve's loathing for him. He slowly woke up rubbing his tired eyes when he became frozen by Steve sitting up in bed studying him.

"Where am I?"

"The hospital."

“Why?”

“You had a small...a-accident...”

Steve looked around the room carefully taking in everything around him then he looked back at Billy with confused eyes.

“Who are you?”

Shock shot through him so suddenly that Billy choked slightly, out of everything that Steve could have said that was beyond a doubt the last thing he expected. He didn't know how to answer, what was he to Steve? He swallowed hard and attempted to gather his thoughts when the doctor arrived with a nurse and asked him to leave for a few moments while they ran a few tests. Billy walked from the room stunned and sat in the waiting area, his mind was racing but he couldn't hold on to a single thought. Then the doctor appeared and led him to a small office.

“It's worse than we thought.”

‘What do you mean?’

“It appears that the injury to his head has caused some amnesia, hopefully, it's temporary but only further tests and time will tell.”

Billy felt numb.

“The best thing you can do for him is to talk about his life, everything about his friends, favourite music, that sort of thing, anything you feel can jog his memory.”

“Will his memory return?”

“There's no way to tell at this stage but helping him by telling him about himself will help immeasurably.”

Billy thanked the doctor and returned to Steve who looked a little crestfallen. Billy walked up to his bedside and Steve looked up at him with sad eyes. ‘Who are you?’ He couldn't help thinking about yesterday when he'd finally snapped and done the worst thing he could have, how angry Steve had been, how he'd ruthlessly rejected

him, the ache in his heart when Steve made clear that he didn't want him. Seeing Steve's eyes shining with something that wasn't anger made his heart beat a little faster, he thought about his secret fantasy world where Steve welcomed his attention, where he craved it too. Could he have that?

"They told me you're family."

"Not exactly."

Steve's looked at him in confusion and Billy couldn't waste this chance. He moved closer to Steve lifting his slightly cool hand inside his warm clammy one. He spoke with great confidence as though he were speaking the truth, just telling Steve about a thing that really happened.

"We're in a relationship but nobody else knows about it."

"Nobody knows?"

"We had to pretend to be enemies."

"Why?"

"In order to keep our relationship a secret."

Steve looked at him with confusion, a thing he imagined he was going to have to get used to.

"It's a small town."

Steve contemplated this for a moment.

"So why didn't we pretend to be good friends then would that not explain why we were together all the time?"

"We were afraid that people would look at us too closely if we were friends and it would become obvious."

A small pout came to Steve's lips as he tried to comprehend this information and Billy couldn't resist any longer, he leaned forward and captured his lips in a soft kiss. Steve gasped softly but he just

pushed against him a little more introducing his teeth into his lip. Steve resisted for a moment then he whimpered softly and kissed him back.

Billy had to remain calm on the outside, to make Steve believe that this was normal, he wanted him to think that they'd done this so many times that it was routine for them. On the inside, he was trembling, completely caught up in the kiss desperately cataloguing all the things that made Steve moan or move more firmly against him. He finally had to pull away, Steve's beautiful flushed face greeted him, his lips slightly swollen, he looked at him with hazy eyes then slowly they focused on him and a small smile formed on his lips and Billy wanted to kiss him again, so he did.

Billy stretched out on Steve's couch, he'd had a long day at the pool, it had been so noisy and hot and now all he wanted was to relax with Steve for a few hours before he had to go home to his lonely room. They had just had a little dinner together and he wondered if maybe Steve wanted to watch tv and snuggle on the couch for a while. He looked over at him to find that Steve was already watching him intently. He raised his eyebrow at him which Steve seemed to take as some sort of signal as he moved over towards Billy. He moved slightly to one side thinking that he wanted to snuggle into his side as he usually did but Steve surprised him by swinging his leg over him and straddling his lap. Steve looked down at him with a pout on his face and Billy could feel himself getting distracted.

"Billy, how long have we been together?"

Billy felt a little tension enter his shoulders, Steve had asked this question when he was still in the hospital and he'd panicked and blurted out 'five months,' it just seemed like a good amount of time when he'd said it. He knew that Steve would eventually confide in someone probably Robin about their relationship and he hoped that it seemed believable although there was the fear that nobody would believe the pretending to be enemies excuse but Steve seemed to believe it and that was all that mattered. He felt concerned that he

was bringing it up now.

“Why?”

“Well, we’ve been together for a while before my accident right?”

“Yeah.”

“So why haven’t we had sex since I left the hospital?”

Billy faltered not sure how to answer, he wanted Steve more than anything, had spent more time than he would ever admit alone imagining all the ways that he could have Steve but now he was afraid. He knew that once he crossed that line there was no going back if Steve regained his memory Billy could play off this whole thing as a joke, an experiment, anything that he could come up with but if they slept together things would be very different. If he regained his memory would Steve ever be able to forgive him?

For Billy he had everything he wanted, Steve spent time with him and he felt indescribable joy at the affectation in his eyes. Steve was so affectionate towards him in general, when they were in public he’d stand close, run his fingers fleetingly over his shoulder or arm and he had little secret smiles only for Billy which made him feel butterflies in his stomach. In private he gave him sweet kisses, he loved to be close to him, snuggling up on the couch or sitting on Billy’s lap speaking in soft quiet tones, words for Billy only. He felt that within the walls of the Harrington house they had created a little world all of their own.

He looked up at Steve with wide eyes as his mind raced, trying desperately to come up with a logical answer. Steve’s pout deepened then he moved closer pushing himself down more onto Billy’s lap as he leaned in, his voice soft and a little uncertain.

“Is it because of the accident?”

Billy brought his hand up to stroke softly over Steve’s back.

“No...I...it’s...”

“It’s ok I’m not going to break, I know you’re worried about me

but...”

Steve averted his eyes while biting his lip so hard that it turned stark white between his teeth before he leaned close to his ear, his hot breath making Billy shudder.

“I can’t stop thinking about you...I can’t remember what it feels like to have you inside me...but I can’t stop thinking about it...especially when I’m so close to you...on your lap...”

Billy felt like all the air had been punched out of his lungs, he felt like he was in the middle of one of his fantasies, any second now he was going to open his eyes and find himself in his room, lying in the dark trying desperately to stifle the sounds he wanted to make. Steve shifted on his lap and then grinned at him when he felt how hard Billy was.

“We have had sex right?”

Billy nodded, if they had been together in reality he knew that he wouldn’t have been able to resist for that long. Steve smiled at him then leaned forward giving him a soft but lingering kiss and Billy wrapped his arms around him pulling him closer. He knew he couldn’t resist any longer, there was no going back. Steve pulled back his eyes hazy, lips a little swollen with a soft flush to his cheeks before he spoke in low tones once again.

“I need you...please...”

Billy pulled Steve back to him, kissing him passionately while Steve moaned softly into his mouth, he pulled Steve’s top off throwing it behind him as he started to lick and bite his way down his chest as Steve squirmed on his lap.

“Billy...Billy...I don’t know what we normally do but before we get too carried away can we go upstairs...I kind of feel like a virgin again, I’m a little nervous...”

He looked up at Steve’s flushed face, his big shining eyes and he stroked softly over his side.

“There’s no rush Princess, we have all the time in the world...”

He had to swallow the hard lump that formed in his throat then Steve smiled down at him.

“I know but I can’t stop thinking about you, I mean did we have a lot of sex?”

Billy forced a smirk on his face, delighted when it made Steve’s flush deepen.

“I want us to get back to normal...I’m also kinda dying with how much I need to get laid...”

Billy pulled him into a passionate kiss then braced himself and stood enjoying Steve’s startled laughter as he wrapped his arms and legs around Billy as he carried him up the stairs. When they reached Steve’s room he deposited him gently on top of his bed standing back to remove his own top. He felt great pride at how mesmerised Steve was by his chest as he leaned down to kiss him once more.

“We can go slow if you like Sweetheart.”

Steve contemplated this for a moment before he bit hard into his lip, his flush spreading down onto his neck.

“Surely my body remembers what it’s like to get fucked...so hopefully it’ll be like muscle memory...I don’t know how we had sex but since you told me that we pretended to be enemies I can’t stop this little fantasy that I have where we...have like pretend hate sex...it’s a little rough and passionate but I know that you care about me so afterwards it’s affectionate and soft...”

He looked up at Billy with big eyes, his face was bright red, his breathing a little unsteady and his slightly swollen lips had little indents from his teeth. Billy felt lightheaded from how hard he was, he had fantasised about scenarios exactly like this so much so that he really hoped he wasn’t dreaming.

“Did we ever do anything like that?”

“Not consciously but yeah I guess we did...so that’s what you want for us to roleplay?”

Steve licked his lips.

“Only if you’d be into that...”

Billy climbed onto the bed pinning a delighted Steve down, he kissed his lips harshly enjoying his little whimper into his mouth.

“Feeling a little hot and bothered, Pretty Boy?”

Steve moaned lowly and Billy licked his way down to his throat where he sucked Steve’s skin into his mouth running his teeth against it while Steve trembled beneath him. He moved his way down to Steve’s chest licking and biting into his skin leaving small mouth shaped bruises in his wake. His mind was racing the whole time, trying to act as though he’d done this so many times that he knew exactly how to touch Steve’s body while also trying to catalogue all the places that made him squirm. When he reached Steve’s hips he couldn’t resist sinking his teeth into his left hip sinking them in further when Steve cried out and writhed against him.

“B-Billy...”

“Don’t worry Sweetheart I know exactly what you need.”

Steve moaned as Billy slowly undid his jeans pulling them from his body before he leaned down and mouthed at his hard cock through his underwear causing his thighs to shake. He inhaled, enjoying the musky scent of him and groaned when he tasted the slightly salty taste leaking through the fabric. He pressed his tongue hard against him, being sloppy until Steve’s underwear was damp from a combination of Billy’s spit and Steve’s pre-come.

“I always knew you’d be wet for me, Harrington.”

Steve whined above and Billy peeled off his underwear.

“Princess do you have any lube?”

“Lube?”

“Yeah, we’re gonna need it.”

“Well, where do I usually keep it?”

Billy panicked, would Steve even have lube? He racked his brain, he needed an excuse and fast.

“Well, your mom kept going through your things so we had to keep moving it...”

“Oh, I uh really don’t know...”

Billy quickly moved back and walked to the bathroom after a quick look around he found some baby oil, not the best but it would do for now and he made a mental note to get some lube for next time if there was a next time. He walked back to a flushed Steve whose eyes lit up when he saw him and he almost wanted to walk out and back in again so he could experience it again but he walked briskly over to him. He quickly removed the rest of his clothes feeling a little smug when Steve's eyes widened as they slowly descended his body. He winked at him causing Steve to avert his eyes as he bit his lip.

He slid to his knees and poured a generous amount of oil onto his fingers before bringing one up to Steve’s hole, he pushed against it but could only get the tip in before Steve locked up tight. He looked up at him and he had a strange look on his face.

“You ok Princess?”

“Yeah it just feels a little strange, I thought because we’d done this so much it would run smoothly...”

Billy leaned over and bit into Steve’s thigh again feeling him shudder and his finger slipped in a little more.

“That’s it Baby, need to get you nice and loose for my big cock...I’ve seen you stealing glances in the showers...”

Steve moaned and his finger slid the rest of the way in, he groaned at feeling Steve’s hole flutter around it.

“Fuck Pretty Boy you’re so tight...I can’t wait to feel this greedy little hole around my cock...”

He started to move the finger around a little letting Steve get used to the intrusion before he slowly pulled it out then brought another finger up, he slowly pushed both in while sucking on Steve's thigh.

"That's what you want right? To be squirming and crying on my dick...fuck you so hard you'll be feeling it all week..."

"Yes...please....Billy..."

"You beg so pretty...always knew you'd be a little slut for it..."

By the time he was up to three fingers, Billy couldn't take it anymore, Steve's hips were stuttering every time he pushed his fingers all the way in and he'd been reduced to an incoherent mess so he pulled his fingers out and coated his cock in baby oil. He slithered back up Steve's body pulling him into another passionate kiss then he lined himself up with Steve's hole. As he pushed the head in Steve groaned and his body stiffened slightly so he sucked his lip into his mouth biting down on it enjoying Steve's startled little moan as his cock slid the rest of the way inside.

He then started a steady pace wanting desperately to go faster but not wanting to hurt him as he was pretty sure that Steve's fears of being like a virgin were true. For Billy his mind was turning hazy as he couldn't describe the unbelievable pleasure that he got just from being inside Steve, it was everything and he really didn't think he could ever give it up.

Steve wrapped his arms and legs around Billy crying continuously into his mouth, his hole massaging his cock. Billy moved back over to his neck licking over the bruises he'd left there while Steve whimpered.

"You're all mine now Princess...no one else will ever be able to satisfy you like this..."

Steve cried out as his body seized up and Billy gripped his hips tight as Steve came all over his stomach then he fell back boneless on the bed, Billy increased his pace then in no time at all he came deep inside him. Once he'd caught his breath he opened his eyes and looked down at Steve who looked up at him with suddenly shy eyes.

“Was it everything you wanted?”

Steve’s blush deepened.

“It was better.”

Billy leaned down and kissed him and Steve sighed softly into it as they got lost in sweet kisses for a while.

After a while Steve became sleepy and Billy stroked softly through his hair lulling him gently to sleep. Then he ran his lips fleetingly over the small red scar just above his temple that stood out starkly against Steve's pale skin in a secret apology. He curled his body around his taking comfort in the fruity smell of Steve's hair and his warm sweat-slicked skin, he wanted to remain in this small bubble forever, in a place where Steve would never question that he wanted Billy.

Steve's laughter rang off the walls in the room at the back of Scoops Ahoy, he was trying desperately to tell Billy about a movie he'd seen with Robin but was struggling to finish a sentence without devolving into uncontrollable giggles. Billy loved seeing him so happy and carefree so he just smiled and listened as though he were being told the secret to the universe. Steve finally gave up, his face rosy and his eyes bright.

“How much time have you got left on your break?”

Billy checked the time.

“Ten minutes.”

Steve smirked at him before walking over and Billy sat back so that he could straddle his lap. The feeling of their naked thighs touching had him sucking in a steady breath. Steve wrapped his arms around his neck.

“I’ll tell you about the movie later, I can think of a better way to waste our time.”

“Oh is that right Princess?”

Billy smirked as Steve leaned in and captured his lips in a soft kiss which Billy couldn't help deepening with his teeth in Steve's lip enjoying his little moan before he pressed himself more firmly against Billy. He couldn't resist running his hand down Steve's back and under him squeezing his ass in those distracting little shorts feeling Steve tremble against him.

“Steve I...”

Dustin's voice faded out as Steve jumped up from Billy's lap so quickly he almost headbutt him in the process turning towards Dustin with a guilty expression.

“Hey, Dustin.”

Dustin looked over at Billy with accusing eyes then back to Steve.

“Steve, can I talk to you. Privately.”

Steve started to flail slightly so Billy stood, brushing his fingers against his side on his way to the door.

“I have to get back to work anyway.”

He walked out the door closing it behind him then moved around the corner watching as Dustin poked his head out to make sure he was gone before sneaking back and pushing it slightly ajar.

“...seems weird but we've been together for a while...”

“Since when?”

He saw Steve's face scrunch up with confusion.

“I dunno six months, I think.”

“Six months? There's no way!”

Steve looked so uncertain that Billy wanted to barge in and tell that little shit to mind his own business.

“Yeah, Billy said five months and that was when I was in the hospital so it's been about a month...”

“Steve, Billy Hargrove? Trust me there's no way.”

“Dustin I appreciate your concern but you don't know what you're talking about...”

“Ok then how come I'm only finding out now?”

Steve bristled slightly.

“ I do have a private life you know...”

Dustin raised an eyebrow and Steve sighed.

“We were keeping it a secret...”

“Yeah you were so good at keeping it a secret right now...five months and no one knew...”

“We had to pretend to be enemies so no one would look at us too closely...”

“Pretend?”

Steve looked at him sharply.

“Steve, does the Byers ring any bells?”

Billy felt like a huge rock had just formed in the pit of his stomach, acid creeping up his throat as he choked back frustrated tears. He desperately wanted to barge in and distract him from this conversation but he knew that would only make things worse.

“Jonathan?”

“Yes his house, remember?”

Steve closed his eyes, biting down on his lip as his brow creased in concentration.

“I think I remember... Jonathan and eh Nancy...lights... a camera...a

bat?"

Dustin moved forward placing his hand on Steve's shoulder.

"Not that time, more recent... we're all there me, Mike, Lucas, Max...you were protecting us..."

"Protecting?"

"Yeah, and Max needed your protection...her brother wasn't happy..."

"Lucas..."

Dustin nodded at him.

Steve screwed his eyes shut, his brow creased in concentration for a few moments but to Billy, it felt like an eternity.

"I can hear Billy laughing, it's strained maybe a little manic not how he sounds now but it's too fuzzy... I can't... I remember a headache and Max driving? But that can't be right..."

"Steve I'm only going to tell you this because you need to know...Billy beat you up that night...we thought he was going to kill you..."

"No, it was an act..."

"Steve he wasn't acting...trust me..."

Steve's face fell as he took in Dustin's words and the earnest look on his face and Billy could feel his frustration growing as he stood on the sidelines unable to do anything about it. He wasn't ready for this even though he knew it was inevitable that it would come up at some point, Steve spoke to the kids and they had been there in the house when he's given in to his rage. He should have been prepared but over the past month of being with Steve, he'd wanted to believe that it was all so real that he ignored their past.

He left quickly so that he wouldn't do anything stupid heading back to the pool where he spent the rest of the day worrying about the

conversation he was going to have with Steve after work. When it was time to leave he had a shower and changed driving over to the mall to pick up Steve. He got into the car, Billy held his breath waiting on Steve to ask him about the Byers but he didn't he was a little subdued so Billy just talked the whole way to Steve's telling him about his day, annoying kids at the pool, how hot the sun was and asking Steve how he was.

Steve gave him short answers, his mind was clearly elsewhere. When they reached the Harrington's Billy wasn't sure whether Steve wanted him to come in.

"You tired?"

"What?"

"Well, you seem a little tired."

Steve turned to him, his eyes searching Billy's face before he shook his head.

"Sorry it was a really busy day, will you come in and help me make some dinner?"

"Sure, Pretty Boy."

When they got into the house they made dinner and slowly over the course of the preparation and meal Steve became warmer towards him but he continued to watch Billy carefully. Finally, they ended up on the couch together but to Billy's dismay, Steve was keeping his distance.

"Do you want to watch TV?"

Billy was still waiting for him to bring up the conversation he'd had with Dustin but acting as though he didn't know anything about it.

"Anything you want, Sweetheart."

Steve picked up the remote switching on the TV, he flicked through the channels for a few moments then stopped on a game show, not a thing he would normally watch but they sat in silence for a few

moments before he turned to Billy.

“Do we have a bad history?”

Billy’s blood ran cold.

“Initially, yeah.”

“So how did we end up together?”

“I guess we spent a little time together and realised that all that tension between us was because we secretly wanted each other... you just couldn’t resist my good looks and charm.”

Billy held his breath as Steve studied him intently for a moment then his face slowly melted into a soft smile.

“Yeah, that must be it...”

Relief flooded Billy as Steve moved over towards him to snuggle up against him on the couch, Billy put his arm around him hoping that Steve was satisfied with his answer, at least for now.

“Good morning.”

Steve leaned down to give Billy a soft kiss on the lips before he walked over to make himself a cup of coffee. Billy smiled, he’d started spending his nights over at Steve’s house, it made sense as they were spending all their free time together. Steve turned to him with a smile on his face.

“Guess what?”

“What?”

“I think I remembered something.”

Steve’s smile got bigger as Billy froze completely.

“April 8th.”

His eyes lit up in excited anticipation but Billy felt cold and panicked, was Steve’s memory returning?

“Does it mean anything?”

“Sorry Baby not to me...”

Steve's face fell and Billy felt his heart ache, he really didn't know if the date was important and he wished he could tell him it was.

“Oh, maybe it’s nothing then.”

He sat down beside Billy, his shoulders slightly dropped, a heavy silence settled between them choking Billy with how thick it became. He could feel his heart picking up speed as the acid in his stomach started to bubble making him squirm in his seat. Then to his great relief, Steve started to fill the silence talking about work and Billy gladly followed his lead.

A few days later they were in the kitchen and it was a rare occasion where Steve’s parents were home. They had reacted strangely to Billy at first, especially Mrs Harrington, she watched him closely and it took her a long time to warm up to him. As far as he knew they only knew Billy as a friend and they called him Steve’s friend but he learned that Steve and his mom were very close, they seemed to share everything so Billy assumed that she believed that Steve would have told her everything about him.

His suspicions were confirmed when Steve had asked why didn't he tell anyone close to him about their relationship and Billy had convinced him that they were afraid because how would people react to them being together they just wanted a little time to themselves before they brought other people in and Steve seemed to accept this.

“Hey mom, does the date April 8th mean anything to you?”

His mom turned to him with a huge smile.

“Yeah Honey it’s my birthday.”

“Really?”

She smiled and pulled him into a hug, Steve laughter being echoed by her.

“This is a really good sign, we should just take today and sit and talk about everything...try to jog your memory.”

“Yeah, that would be really good...Billy?”

They both turned towards him and Billy forced a smile on his face, he wanted Steve to be happy but he feared his memory returning because would he want anything to do with Billy if he knew the truth? The other problem he had was that he didn’t really know a lot of Steve’s past because they didn’t really get to know each other until after they got together.

“Yeah I have to work this afternoon but I’m all yours until then.”

Steve smiled at him but he could see his mom’s eyes narrow slightly at him from over his shoulder. The next few hours Billy listened as Steve’s mom went over his early childhood, all his family members, family trips to Italy, his favourite foods and films he loved. Steve was enraptured, absorbing everything his mom was telling him like a sponge and Billy’s full attention was captured by his big eyes taking in everything. Steve would smile over at him occasionally and he would feel warmth in the pit of his stomach at how happy he seemed. Eventually, he did have to go to work, a little knot starting to form in his stomach at the thought of Steve remembering everything else but forgetting about him.

Steve moaned lowly as Billy sucked on the side of his neck, his parents had been home for over a week and so they’d only had a handful of stolen moments together.

“Fuck Princess...”

Billy licked over the mark on Steve’s throat enjoying the way it made him shudder when he breathed on it.

“Billy...please....”

“What do you need Sweetheart?”

“You...just you...”

Billy was so desperate to finally have him again, it felt like it had been months rather than just a week. He pulled him into the bedroom throwing him down onto the bed and climbing on top of him to Steve's delight, he laughed and pulled Billy closer. Billy looked down at Steve’s face, his eyes were soft, a gentle flush to his face and Billy felt the warmth from his stomach spread to his chest.

“I love you.”

It just slipped out before he’d even consciously thought it and he felt his heart stop in his chest, Steve’s smile grew softer.

“Is that the first time you’ve ever said that?”

Then his eyes widened as his face grew red.

“I'm sorry that's not how you're supposed to respond to someone saying I love you, I'm such an idiot.”

Billy smiled at him then leaned down to capture his lips in an indulgent kiss.

“Yeah but you’re my idiot.”

Steve’s eyes softened as a smile lit up his face.

“I love you too...”

Billy was elated, he felt his joy fill him up until he felt like he could float up from the bed, he couldn’t believe that everything he’d ever wanted had come true. Normally he liked to draw things out with

Steve having him moaning around his teeth or fingers always drove him wild, that little hint of possessiveness within him calmed by seeing how much Steve wanted him too and seeing his marks upon his skin. Now though he was impatient he needed him now, it had been too long and Steve had just told him that he loved him.

He grabbed the lube from the bedside drawer that he now kept in it quickly divesting them both from their clothes. Then he quickly kissed and bit his way down Steve's body while he coated his fingers. He spread Steve's legs apart pushing a finger inside as Steve moaned above him. He prepared him efficiently, moving up to two fingers when he could feel Steve's own impatience in how he writhed against him, a little whine to his voice.

"Billy..."

He kissed him to distract him as he moved his fingers getting him ready, things were easier now as they were now living the life that Steve believed they always had and he'd spent a lot of time mapping out his body and learning all the little things that Steve enjoyed. Steve pulled back from the kiss his face flushed and a pout on his lips.

"So impatient Princess..."

He positioned himself at Steve's hole then pushed in slowly savouring the feeling of his body as it gripped him tight and Steve's little groan of annoyance as he wanted Billy to hurry up. He laughed softly into his neck before biting down hard as Steve wrapped his arms and legs around him. Billy started a fast pace just the way he now knew Steve liked relishing the little sounds that got driven out of him when Billy's cock hit that little spot inside just right.

"B-Billy...h-harder...oh God harder..."

Billy was shocked for a second then he started to thrust harder, grinding his cock right up against the little bundle of nerves watching as Steve's eyes went glassy and he moaned long and low before his body squeezed down hard and he came all over himself. Billy chased his own orgasm, lengthening out his thrusts and making them more pronounced as he enjoyed the flutter of Steve's body around him.

He lay down pulling a gasping Steve back onto his chest.

“Didn’t know you liked it so rough Princess.”

Steve laughed nervously.

“Me either.”

Billy laughed and kissed his neck.

“I guess I feel a little free because I’ve no past to feel any judgement on if that makes sense...I’m just doing what feels right at the moment.”

Billy pulled him more securely against his chest kissing softly over his face while Steve smiled sleepily at him.

“Do you miss the old me?”

The uncertain tone to Steve’s voice made Billy pause for a moment, he looked at him intently but Steve averted his eyes as he bit down softly on his lip.

“I love you just the way you are.”

Steve’s eyes were shining when he pulled him into a lingering kiss.

He dropped Steve off for work that Monday morning and after the weekend they’d had lost in each other he desperately wanted to pull him in for a soft kiss before he left him but he had to be happy with a gentle brushing of fingers over his side on his way in, Steve turned back to give him one last sweet smile before he left. Billy walked away with a small bounce in his step turning back towards Scoops hoping to catch a last glimpse of Steve but instead, he saw Dustin and the other kids on their way in. He knew they went to Steve to sneak into the movies and for free ice cream but it seemed a bit early to him. He went to the pool where he was distracted for the rest of the day but when he picked Steve up later in the afternoon he seemed a

little quiet but just said that it had been a busy day.

Over the course of the week he became more and more subdued, Billy noticed that he wasn't sitting as close to him as he used to and every night he was too tired for them to sleep together so he'd just roll over to the other side of the bed and seemingly fall asleep right away. He didn't know what to do, it was summer so ice cream would be in high demand so Steve being tired wasn't out of the ordinary but even when he'd been tired before he'd still sit close to him on the couch, he'd stroke over his skin when walking past him and at night he'd snuggle in close to his side in bed.

He felt that cold creeping dread back in the pit of his stomach making him feel uneasy as the days dragged by. He desperately wanted to ask Steve what was wrong but every time he tried that dread would spread out through his body making him freeze, the words lodged in his throat. He started to feel like he had the day of the accident when his warm safe dream was crumbling before his eyes and he was powerless to stop it.

That Friday he dropped him off walking around the corner and waiting and just like he'd feared the kids arrived shortly after. He had to go to work but that little knot in his stomach grew until he couldn't sit still. He went to Scoops for lunch but Robin told him Steve wasn't there and Billy was confused.

"The boss came in and asked him to run an errand."

"When will he be back?"

She shrugged her shoulders at him. He felt annoyed but there was little he could so he went for a walk just to burn off some energy and clear his head. The worry he'd had that morning came back tenfold but hopefully tonight he could find out from Steve about the kids. That afternoon when he turned up to pick up Steve he found Robin closing up the store by herself.

"Where's Steve?"

"Oh, the boss let him go early because of how long the errand took."

"Why didn't he come by the pool?"

“I dunno.”

Robin had been a little more accepting of them in the beginning, she was still a little suspicious because she also attended Hawkins High and therefore knew about their history but the fake pretend backstory seemed to satisfy her at least to a degree. It also helped that she had only become Steve’s friend recently so hopefully didn’t know about what happened at the Byers house.

He drove over to Steve’s house but it was dark and the front door was locked so for the first time in weeks he had to go home. He lay in his room wondering what was happening, that little bit of fear creeping into his heart. The next week progressed much the same Steve wasn’t at Scoops and no matter what time of day he went by the house it was dark and locked up, he couldn’t get any answers out of Robin she just became more exasperated and snarky with him.

Finally, two weeks later he saw Mrs Harrington out in Hawkins running a few errands and quickly drove over to the house parking down the block. When he reached the house he could see Steve through the window of the kitchen as he was making himself a sandwich so he went to the front door and knocked. When Steve opened the door Billy barged his way inside, once he’d realised who it was Steve turned and headed back to the kitchen essentially ignoring him. Billy ran after him, his annoyance coming out in his voice.

“Where have you been?”

Steve sighed.

“I went with my mom to visit some family in Europe.”

Billy stood by the kitchen door, he wanted to run over and grab Steve but he was standing stiff with a pinched mouth and cold eyes.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Why should I?”

“Because I was worried sick.”

Steve glared at him and Billy felt his heart drop that itchy panicky feeling under his skin.

“Steve?”

“I think it would be better if you just left...”

“Why?”

“Billy are you seriously going to make me spell this out for you.”

Steve sighed heavily.

“For the past couple of weeks you had no interest in helping me with my memory and I was hurt, couldn’t understand why that would be but I didn’t say anything...I didn’t want to hurt your feelings...”

He shook his head.

“But other people in my life who actually care about me kept trying, Dustin and the kids, Robin, my mom and eventually my memories started to slowly filter back in but I fought against them on one point, you. I was so convinced that you cared about me that when they got me to think about certain things I’d refuse to believe it, I thought maybe they didn’t like that we were together. Then my mom decided to take me to see the rest of my family and it was a break from everything, I had all the information I needed and eventually, it all clicked. We were never pretending...”

Billy felt like someone had pulled the ground out from under him, all his worst fears now true, he moved quickly over to Steve grabbing him by the upper arms bringing their faces close together. He knew by Steve’s slightly startled reaction that he must be a little desperate around the eyes but he needed him to see.

“I never lied about how I felt about you...”

“How can I trust anything you say...”

He leaned in and captured Steve's lips in a desperate kiss, pulling Steve flush against his body but he just pulled back refusing to engage. He dug his fingers into his arm until they started to ache, pulling back enough just to speak into the side of Steve's face.

"I love you...please..."

Steve's shoulders slumped.

"You never gave me a choice, I can't trust anything that happened between us..."

"Billy, how nice to see you."

He jumped when he heard Mrs Harrington's voice behind him, her eyes were icy, her face was frozen in a friendly smile. Billy slowly let go of Steve feeling frustrated tears at the corner of his eyes, his heart beating so fast that he imagined it could be heard in the uncomfortable silence of the room.

"Have a good time in Europe, Mrs Harrington?"

"Yes, it was refreshing and it helped Steve with his memory so I'm grateful."

"Mom I'm feeling kinda tired so I'm going to lie down for a while."

She smiled at him.

"I'll check on you in about an hour Sweetheart."

Billy felt so awkward standing in the kitchen that he'd spent over a month cooking dinners with Steve in and receiving soft kisses from him before breakfast that he didn't say anything else just walked from the house his tears finally spilling over on the walk back to his car.

Billy had never felt as alone as he did over the rest of the summer in

Hawkins, he tried to distract himself in a multitude of ways but things that used to interest him left him feeling cold and his heart hurt so badly that he was becoming an emotional wreck. His bed seemed too big, too cold, he missed the weight of Steve's body as he snuggled into his side, his enthusiastic morning kisses filled with warmth, even the sound of his voice, he missed everything and the desperate despair of loneliness made him feel heavy and cold.

He couldn't stop thinking about that day in the hospital. Why couldn't he have just been a decent person and told Steve the truth then hopefully if he'd offered his help they could have become friends and hopefully if he was lucky ended up together naturally. Having had a taste of everything he wanted only to have it taken away, it was destroying him. He now knew that under the right circumstances Steve could love him but he would never trust him now.

Steve had stopped working at Scoops, he'd mostly disappeared again as he had after the incident at the Byers, the only time he was seen out in public he was either with Robin or Dustin. Billy had only caught a few fleeting glances at him, once they'd made eye contact and he'd had to watch as Steve's happy eyes had hardened before he looked away back at Robin, softening once more. Billy had ended up drunk at some random party that night impressing people with how much alcohol he could consume, they remembered him from high school and they treated him like he was a god but he just felt hollow inside.

He continued at the pool until the hot summer days faded into chilly fall, the crowds thinning until they didn't need as many lifeguards and Billy left finding a job at a local mechanics. It suited him better he didn't have to deal with screaming kids and he could get lost in his work, that and weight lifting being the only things that helped him forget for a while.

He'd been working there a few weeks when his boss asked him to take a look at the engine on a car so Billy headed over to it only for his stomach to drop when he saw Steve's car. He ran his fingers over the hood almost afraid to believe it was real, had Steve been here? Had he seen Billy? He got to work on it straight away in the end it was a small problem but he treated it as though he were building a

whole new car, lovingly fixing other small things that could become issues later, making sure it was clean and neat underneath.

He dedicated a whole day to it, everything fading away as he thought about Steve in his car, safe because of what he was doing to it. The next day he hid around the corner watching as Steve came to pick it up getting his first good look at him in weeks, he looked a little thin, his face was pale and even from across the room he could see dark circles under his eyes. He desperately wanted to run over and touch him, ask him why he didn't look so good, was he eating enough? Sleeping enough? But he couldn't he felt pathetic like he had when spent time standing outside Scoops wanting to go inside but being too afraid.

A few days later to his surprise he bumped into Steve quite literally when he walked into him because he was too caught up in all the thoughts that were racing through his mind. Up close the dark circles under Steve's eyes were more pronounced and he looked so thin to Billy that he wanted to pull him into the nearest diner and make sure he got a decent meal. He was genuinely worried that he had gotten sick since the last time they'd seen each other and felt anger course through him that he didn't know, even though a small part of him knew that even if he had known Steve would never want his help.

The shock in Steve's eyes faded into anger as he pulled back from Billy and he felt himself shrink slightly as he realised that this would be the way he would always look at him. He desperately wanted it to be anything else, even if he could only have friendship it would be better than this, but would it ever be enough?

Steve watched him carefully as though waiting for him to do something and Billy wracked his brain for something to do or say that would keep him with him for just a little while longer.

"Do you want to get something to eat?"

The words were out of his mouth before they'd fully formed in his

mind, time seemed to stand still while he awaited Steve's response. Steve's eyes searched his face, then to Billy eternal surprise and relief he nodded.

It wasn't the most comfortable meal of Billy's life, Steve stared at him with accusatory eyes and barely ate any food but he took some comfort in the fact that he wanted to spend any time with him at all.

A few days later he found himself in the same spot where he'd run into Steve and to his great relief he appeared again. Steve sighed when he saw him but they did end up at the diner again for another tense meal although he was pleased to see that Steve ate a little more that time. By an unspoken agreement between them they started meeting up on Tuesdays and Thursdays for food during their lunch break, they always ate at the same diner, ordered the same things and barely spoke for the first two weeks. Then Billy decided that if he was going to get to spend time in Steve's company he wanted to hear about his day, at least get to pretend for a little while that things were how they used to be.

Therefore he started asking him small things, mainly about his day and Steve started off giving him curt answers but Billy was persistent and over time he could see Steve starting to soften slightly. His answers became longer as he ate more food, became more relaxed and Billy tried so hard not to let his hope grow too much.

"Can we meet at the quarry tonight?"

Billy tried to keep the shock off his face, he didn't know how to feel about how Steve wanted to see him alone. That pathetic little thrum of hope started to pick up again as he arranged a time with him. That little spark of hope grew over the course of the day no matter how much Billy tried to push it down, he knew things were still rocky between them but over the last few weeks, he'd felt something shifting. It was a mere shadow of what they had before but his hope grew even though he knew it was a dangerous thing.

When he arrived at the quarry Steve was already there sitting on the hood of his car, he looked like a skittish cat when Billy's headlights lit up his face. Billy took a deep breath and stepped out of his own car into the crisp air walking towards him trying to appear

completely carefree but feeling anything but. Steve watched him intently as he approached then he slid down off the car so that they were standing face to face.

“I asked you to meet me here because what I need to say doesn’t need an audience and there are always too many people in the diner.”

Billy felt his heart drop a little as he watched Steve wrap his arms around himself taking on a slightly defensive stance. He took a deep breath then averted his eyes.

“Why did you do it?”

Billy’s heart stopped as his mind started to race, how could he answer that? He desperately wanted Steve to understand what had happened but he knew deep down that it would only drive them further apart, what he had done was wrong but he truly did love him. He looked back at Steve waiting until he made eye contact again hoping that when he did he’d know what to say. The silence stretched on until it became suffocating, Billy could feel a little shake in his legs as his body fought desperately against the want to move closer to Steve when he slowly turned his eyes back towards him.

“I don’t think I can give you a good answer, which I know isn’t what you want to hear...I’d liked you for a long time, I didn’t know how...I didn’t know if you’d ever feel the same way...so I’d be a dick just to get a reaction but then I made a mistake and let everything out and I panicked and you fell...I was so scared then the doctor told me that you’d lost your memory and you asked who I was and...”

Billy couldn’t stand this far away from him while he poured his heart out so he moved a little closer, his heart cracking a little when Steve flinched at his approach. He moved close enough that if he stretched out his hand slightly he could brush his fingertips against him.

“I only wanted to be near you...live my fantasy for a short while but then it became my reality and that irresistible attraction grew until I loved you...”

He swallowed the lump in his throat as he thought back on Steve’s rejection in his kitchen as Billy felt like his world was ending. When

he glanced back at Steve he could see that his eyes were shining and he felt tears form in his own. Steve wrapped his arms a little tighter around himself.

“Whatever we had it wasn’t real...”

“It was to me...”

“What about me? I had no choice, how can I trust that what I felt was real and wasn't just what I thought had been real?”

“Steve please, we can start over just like a blank slate, we both loved each other...we could have that again...”

“I don’t know what we had but I can’t...”

Billy sprang forward without thinking, grabbing him by the shoulders, he felt so out of control and he didn’t think he could deal with Steve saying there was no chance for them. Steve’s eyes opened wide with shock as his body became stiff as Billy’s fingers dug in so hard that he was sure Steve would have finger-shaped bruises tomorrow.

“Steve...please...”

“Billy...I have to go...”

“Why?”

“Please understand that I need some time to think...you owe me that much...”

Billy slowly let go of him and took a step back, Steve wanting some time was better than an outright refusal so he forced his body to take another shaky step back. Steve watched him with wary eyes then he quickly got in his car and drove away. Billy leaned against his own car, staring out into the darkness as the air around him grew colder.

Billy went to their spot every day at lunchtime, he waited through his entire lunch break but Steve never appeared. After two weeks of this, he resolved himself to the fact that Steve had taken his time to think and had decided that Billy wasn't worth it and he couldn't blame him. That little spark of hope burned through him causing a little pit of despair to open up within his chest and he became numb to everything around him. His days were filled with the same monotonous routine of getting up, going to work, working out, going to bed, he felt like he was in mourning for the life that he didn't get to have.

About a month later he was lifting weights when he heard Max calling him over the music he was blasting as he tried to clear his mind of all the intrusive thoughts about how he could have done things differently. When he looked over she was waving the phone at him so he set down his weights and walked over.

"Hello."

"Billy?"

He almost dropped the receiver when he heard Steve's timid voice on the other side.

"Yeah."

"Can we meet...maybe at the quarry later?"

Billy's breath got stuck in his throat before he choked out a 'yes.'

"Eight o'clock?"

"I'll be there."

Billy was on edge for the rest of the day, that maddening hope trying desperately to reignite. He felt jittery on the drive over to the quarry, a nauseous feeling in the pit of his stomach. When he arrived Steve was standing by his car this time, he looked like he was fighting the

need to run. When Billy stepped out of his car he glanced away for a second to close the door behind him and when he looked back Steve was standing much closer, he looked a little frantic like he was full of energy that had nowhere to go. Billy felt his own body tensing as Steve started to speak.

“You’re such an asshole...a selfish, selfish asshole...you had no right to...”

Steve firmed his jaw and looked away and Billy waited with bated breath for his next words, he watched as he took a deep breath, his shoulders slowly relaxing.

“Yet despite it all, I miss you...it feels like I’ve lost a part of myself without you near me and no matter how much I try to hold on to the anger that I feel, the loneliness without you is worse...”

Steve made eye contact with him and Billy was afraid to breathe while he waited to see what he would say next.

“I know this is probably the craziest thing I’ve ever done and you don’t even know how much of an understatement that is but I don’t want to keep going on this way...I want us to at least try and see where this takes us...”

Billy felt his heart pick up as he moved closer and instead of flinching away, Steve moved closer too. When he got close enough to touch him he froze terrified that if he did or said the wrong thing that Steve would change his mind. Steve watched him closely for a minute then he slowly stepped forward and before Billy could think he placed a soft kiss on his lips.

Billy was transported back to sunny mornings in Steve’s kitchen as he came down the stairs still dressed for bed, his hair a mess, his eyes still a little sleepy and how before he even reached for his coffee he’d lean over and give Billy a soft kiss. A gentle warmth spread through his body as he opened his eyes, Steve stared into his eyes for an excruciatingly long moment before a soft smile spread across his face, the warmth spread back into his chest and Billy fell in love all over again.